

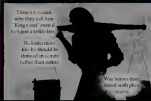


Shortly after his fifth birthday and the death of his father, Prince Galahad of Benic is taken to a lake by his mother who abandons him there. Fortunately, the Ladies of the Lake rescue the young prince and bring him up in Avalon, but they give him a new name, 'Lancelot,' which means 'the Servant.' When he is forced to leave after near ten years, he rides to Benic where his maternal uncle King Arthur is holding a tourney. After overthrowing all the regular knights there, Arthur knights Galahad and asked him to model being a new kind of knight, a task Galahad reluctantly accepts. Confronting his mother, he learns that his father may not have been King Ban. He leaves Benic deeply shaken, declaring that "Galahad is dead."

Chapter Two: White Enchantress*

*Shakti = Goddess in person = Kali,
Lama = the white Holy one = power, which, pleasure.





Throw salt over
the left shoulder

These drops
of blood from
the vein to
the heart

Take a look in
a mirror over still
water under the
full moon...



"From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,"

Tirra
lirra

"by the river,
Sang Sir Lancelot,"

The Lady of Shalott (1842)
by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

"Tirra
lirra"?

That's pretty but
but does it mean?

How do you
know about
"Tirra Lirra"?



Who are
you, young
sir?

Twelve-year-old
Elaine of Corbenic
thought she was
was dabbling
in minor magic.

She didn't
think she would
summon the real
person,





let alone be
staring at

her
death.





Galabad showed
affection with
the disappearance
of a starving man.

It was almost
his seventeenth
birthday and
he spent the last
fortnight not
sleeping.

Wait!

He was even
prepared to accept
some stranger
to sing him to sleep.

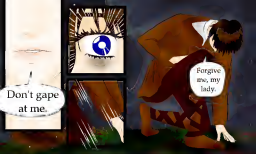
Please-

History may
have changed had
Elaine been a
little less athletic.

What are you
doing, chasing
my ward?







Should you be
the victor of the
upcoming St. John's
tourney, I may
consider it.



My lady, please
don't be cruel!

You can see
that he's naught
but a



Done!



As you wish,
my lady.









My lady, until a few months ago I had my cousin's name Percival, and his destiny of being the best knight in the world.

Forgive me if I find it hard to let go of that dream.



Elaine, you may not become the Great Knight as your aunt had desired.

but you may give birth to him.



I...I-

I'm sorry to trouble your sleep.

Did you good night, my lady.



How could she explain

the level of foreboding she felt?



Goldhard, on the other hand, was full of hope for the future.

He hoped he would dream of the lady as beautiful as the moon.

Il Chevalier Mésfais

The Knight Who Sinned
Chapter 3: White Enchantress
(to be continued)

